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The Harvest Home.

This is the gathering-time of the year,
And the merry singing of harvest home,
And the signs of plenty and right good cheer,
Ere the days that are dark and dreary come,
These are the days of a tranquil air,
This is the time of an answered prayer.

Meadows and orchards and rich corn lands
Are wealthy with fruitage of all the year;
And the world seems lifting its thankful hands
For the needed blessings that aye are near;
This year is glad when it gains its prime,
And hearts are merry at harvest time.

Whoever is thankful let him come,
With willing hands and a loyal heart,
And help in another harvest home,
Where the Master calls him to do his part;
For He points to the whitened fields again,
And the harvest He loves is the souls of men.
—Marianne Farningham, in the 'North-Western Christian Advocate.')

Give Thanks.

One great cause of our insensibility to the goodness of our Creator is the very extensiveness of his bounty.—Paley.

The weight of offering praise to God is too great for men to lift; and as for angels, it will take all their strength and the best abilities to go about.—David Dickson.

Annihilate not the mercies of God by the oblivion of ingratitude. Let thy diaries stand thick with dutiful mementoes and asteriska of acknowledgment.—Sir Thomas Browne.

If gratitude is due from man to man, how much more from man to his Maker! The supreme being does not only confer upon us those bounties which proceed more immediately from his hand, but even those benefits which are conveyed to us by others. Every blessing we enjoy, by what means soever it may be derived upon us, is the gift of him who is the great author of good and father of mercies.—Joseph Addison.

The whole Christian life is thanksgiving. Thanksgiving is the open secret of Christian experience. By the mercies of God in Jesus Christ we are saved. Salvation is God's great, good gift to his children. Service is their response of thankfulness for that gift. There is no Christian thanksgiving without Christian thanksliving. The thanks are the life Gratitude for grace is the gist of godliness. 'In every thing give thanks,' is the rule of Christian living. 'Giving thanks always for all things unto God and the Father in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.' The earnest, consecrated Christian has a thanksgiving holiday all the year round.—Selected.

—'C. E. World.'

Gratefulness.

(By George Herbert.)

O thou that hast giv'n so much to me,
Give thou one thing more, a grateful heart.
See how thy beggar works on thee
By art.

He makes thy gifts occasion more
And says, If he in this be crost,
All thou hast giv'n him heretofore
Is lost.

But thou didst reckon, when at first
Thy word our hearts and hands did crave
What it would come to at the worst
To save.

Perpetual knockings at thy doore,
Teare sullying thy transparent rooms
Gift upon gift; much would have more,
And comes.

This notwithstanding; thou wentst on
And didst allow us all our noise;
Nay thou hast made a sigh and grone
Thy joyes.

Not that thou hast not still above
Much better tunes, than grones can make;
But that these countrey-aires thy love
Did take.

Wherefore I crie, and crie again;
And in not quiet canst thou be,
Till I a thankfull heart obtain
Of thee:

Not thankfull, when it pleaseth me,
As if thy blessings had spare dayes;
But such a heart, whose pulse may be
Thy praise.

Hearts Full of Gratitude.

Thankfulness ought to be cultivated as a prime virtue. It is not half so egotistical as complaint. When the soul finds fault with the world it insinuates that the world is not half good enough for it. That soul says: 'Things do not suit me!' It is far better to suppress this egotism and enlarge all the outlying universe. No one knows what it is to live until one has reached the power to thank each little bird for singing, each butterfly for the down and color on its wings; the power to thank each friend for a 'Good morning,' each manly heart for its manly love; the rainbow for its arch; the sky for its blue; the violet for coming in the spring; the gentian for coming in the fall; the power to thank this country for its liberty and progress; the beautiful for their beauty; the good for their goodness; the deep wish to honor the memory of the dead generations for what they did for us, their children; to bless the name of the heroes and martyrs whose tears of long ago have been changed into our joy; the power to thank Jesus Christ for each step He took in Palestine, and for those words that composed our philosophy, and for the moral beauty that entranced our world. When the human heart thus bursts with thankfulness; then it is joy and heaven to live.—'Swing.'

Thanksliving and Thanksgiving.

Some writer has said, 'Thanksliving is better than thanksgiving.' And at the foundation of thanksliving is the rendering of our all to God as our reasonable service, and then shall we be prepared to live in grateful praise and homage to the God of our life.

The sacred writers condemn thanksgiving without thanksliving. Isaiah says: 'The Lord said . . . this people draw nigh with their mouth, and with their lips do honor me, but have removed their heart far from me.' And our Saviour's complaint was, 'Why call ye me, Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?'

In Eph. v., 15-20, we have the thanksliving shown in the first verses, and the thanksgiving described in the last. 'Look carefully how ye walk,' let your walk be accurate, exact, not as unwise, but wise. Thus shall we bring honor to Him whose name we bear—this will be the thanksgiving He will prize. Throughout this whole passage there is the contrast between the life of a heathen and that of a Christian. Verse 19. The indwelling Spirit so fills our hearts with unrestrainable joy that we must give vent to our feelings with our voice. True thanksgiving thus expresses itself in sacred song (Col. iii., 15-17). Verse 20. Thanksgiving for the trials as well as the joys, for the pain as well as the pleasure, in time of adversity as well as prosperity. Thanksliving by our grateful acceptance of all that comes, be it weal or woe, knowing it is from the hand of a loving Heavenly Father.—Michigan 'Christian Advocate.'

Thanksgiving.

If you are grateful, say so, Thanksgiving is only half-thanksgiving till it blossoms into expression. Learn a lesson from the noble-hearted Indian, in whose village the missionary, passing through, had left a few pages of the gospel in the Indian tongue. Our Indian read and rejoiced. Measuring the missionary's footprint, he fitted it with magnificent moccasins, and travelled two hundred miles to give them to the missionary as an expression of his gratitude. Thus the missionary was enriched by the present, but the Indian was enriched far more by the thanksgiving.

The best thanksgiving is a happy heart. Blossoms mean nothing on a dead stick. When the Czar once visited Paris the ingenious French, it being winter, fastened to the bare boughs of the trees innumerable paper flowers, very pretty as a spectacle, but very unworthy as a symbol, since they were false. Our praise will be quite valueless unless it is rooted in the daily life. Train yourself to be grateful for the common blessings. There had been cotton famine in Lancashire, Eng. For lack of material to work upon, the mills had been idle for months, and there was great distress among the operatives. At last came the first waggon-load of cotton, the earnest of returning opportunity to labor. With what new eyes did the people look upon that common place material. They met the waggon in an exultant procession. They hugged the bales. At last, moved by a common impulse, they broke out in the noble hymn, 'Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.' There are in every life a thousand blessings, now little noticed or not noticed at all, of which if we were deprived, their return would be welcomed with equal transports.

No work is done at its best until it is done in an atmosphere of thanksgiving. Beethoven understood this. He had his piano placed in the middle of a field, and there, under the smiling sky, with birds singing around him, flowers shining and grain glistening in the sun, the master musician composed some of his great oratorios. Few of us can take our work into the fields, though all of us would carry lighter hearts if we would live more out of doors; but we can all of us surround our work with the cheery atmosphere which our Father has breathed into all his works.

Some of the things for which we shall be most thankful some day are our apparent misfortunes. Looking back over my life, I can already see several places where my own will, which was thwarted to my great grief, would have spoiled my life; and one of my constant causes for gratitude now is that God did not let me have my way. And if that is true of some things, with my imperfect knowledge, I am sure that in heaven's clear vision I shall see it to be true of all things. Col. Higginson has well voiced the thought in the following lines:

'An easy thing, O power divine!
To thank thee for these gifts of thine—
For summer's sunshine, winter's snow,
For hearths that kindle, words that glow;
But when shall I attain to this—
To thank thee for the things I miss?'

—Amos R. Wells.

He who does not feel that no blessings could come from heaven unless forgiveness cleared the way for them, has yet to learn the deepest music of thankfulness.—Alexander McLaren, D.D.

Religious Notes.

We are accustomed to think of thank-offerings to the Lord as consisting always and only of money or its equivalent. But the Bishop of Dorking recently issued an inspiring call for 'a substantial and notable offering of men to go abroad,' and asks that ten clergymen of his diocese offer themselves. He offers his own name first. Why should not men, and women, too, offer themselves in gratitude and thanksgiving to go where the Lord wants them to go, and to do what He wants them to do?—'Missionary Review of the World.'

The Czar of Russia made an extraordinary exception to the rules of the Siberian Railroad and directed that passes be given R. C. Morse, general secretary of the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Associations of North America and his party of delegates from the World's Student Conference at Tokio, across Siberia to St. Petersburg, that they may visit and address the new association called 'The Lighthouse,' in St. Petersburg. This now has nearly 1,500 members.—'Missionary Review of the World.'

Bishop Foss writes in the 'Christian Advocate':

'The Island of Kangwha lies in the mouth of the Han River between Seoul and Chemulpo. It is almost twenty miles long and sixteen miles wide, and has an estimated population of about 17,000. Dr. George Heber Jones began work there in 1892, being the first missionary to gain a footing on the island. On his first visit he was turned back from the gate of the Prefectural City, not being permitted to enter because he was a foreigner. Shortly afterward a footing was secured in a small hamlet on the farther side from the Prefectural City, and from there the work has spread throughout the island; until now we have 31 groups of village churches, organized into three circuits with about 3,500 members, including probationers.

'Such surprising successes are by no means confined to our own church. Indeed the Presbyterians—four denominations of them now happily consolidating into one—have in the aggregate far outstripped us. One hundred thousand is believed to be a moderate estimate of the Christians in Korea, and of these the Presbyterian Church has the care of at least three-fifths. One of its pastors writes from the village of Syen Chyun: "Of the 3,000 people in the town, about 1,400 are enrolled as Sunday school scholars."

'Having recently had some opportunities for observation, and many for careful inquiry in India, Malaysia, China, Japan and Korea, I must say that the Korean Christian seems to me to take high rank among Oriental Christians for (1) Bible study; (2) prevailing prayer; (3) high moral standards; and (4) the effort at self-support in the churches.'

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the maintenance of the launch:
J. E. F., St. Hyacinth.. .. .. $ 1.00

Received for the cots: J. E. F., St. Hyacinthe, $1.00; A Friend, S. Tunnel, Ont., $2.00; Mrs. Jas. McMillan, Bocabec, N.B., $1.00; Total..... .. .. $ 4.00

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Previously acknowledged for the launch	$577.09
Previously acknowledged for the cots....	$188.59
Previously acknowledged for the komatik	$117.45
Total received up to Oct. 8	$895.13

We have also received the sum of $9.00 from Mrs. Mackay, Scotsburn, definitely designated 'for those in need of food and clothing.'

Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, indicating with the gift whether it is for launch, komatic, or cots.

LESSON,—SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1907.

The Cities of Refuge.

Joshua xx., 1-9. Memory verses, 2, 3. Read Num. xxxv., 6-34.

Golden Text.

My refuge is in God. Psalm lxii., 7.

Home Readings.

Monday, Oct. 28.—Josh. xx., 1-9.
Tuesday, Oct. 29.—Num. xxxv., 9-34.
Wednesday, Oct. 30.—Deut. iv., 32-40.
Thursday, Oct. 31.—Deut. xix., 1-21.
Friday, Nov. 1.—II. Sam. xxii., 1-20.
Saturday, Nov. 2.—Ps. xlvi.
Sunday, Nov. 3.—Ps. xci.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

Did you ever do anything wrong when you really did not mean to? Perhaps you broke a valuable vase through no fault at all of your own. Do you remember how hurt you felt when people blamed you and called you naughty when you knew that you really had not done anything wrong? I am afraid we can all remember such accidents because people so often misunderstand us, but we may be sure that God does not, because he can see our hearts. After the Israelites were settled in Canaan, God reminded Joshua that there was something he had not done yet. Many years ago God had thought about this plan, and told Moses to tell the Israelites about it, and now the time had come to have it settled. You remember that God had commanded his people not to kill each other, and said that if they did kill, then they would have to be killed themselves. But God knew that sometimes a man might kill another by accident, and then it would not be right that he should be punished with death.

Draw a picture of the city with its gates standing open and the tired man running along the road with two of the Levites running beside to help him until at last he reaches the city and is safe from his pursuer. Be sure to make them understand that it was the sin in the heart that needed punishment in God's eyes, the ugly hate, not the accidental blow. Try to bring home to them Christ's point of view in Matt. v., 21, 22. Of course the central thought of the lesson is the refuge we may find in God from all evil.

FOR THE SENIORS.

Reading up the earlier references to this will show how much a part of the new law this idea had always been. The commandment given to Moses was now to be carried out by Joshua. The cities of refuge were to be easily accessible to all the inhabitants and everything was to be done to secure the rule of Justice. It was necessary in those unsettled times of formation that murder should receive a summary punishment, but thoughtless revenge must be discouraged. It was not the idea, as in similar heathen customs, that all comers should receive sanctuary, for the real murderer was to be handed over impartially to the hands of justice. There is much of symbolism in the plan that is readily recognizable.

SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE.'

Places of refuge where, under the cover of religion, the guilty and the unfortunate might find shelter and protection were not unknown among the ancient heathen. 'The jus asyli, or right of shelter and impunity was enjoyed by certain places reputed sacred, such as groves, temples, and altars. This protective power commonly spread itself over a considerable district round the holy spot, and was watched over and preserved by severe penalties. Among the Greeks and Romans the number of these places of asylum became very great, and led, by abuse, to a fresh increase of criminals. Tiberius, in consequence, caused a solemn inquiry into their effects to be made which resulted in a dimunition of their number, and a limitation of their privileges.

This pagan custom passed into Christian custom. As early as Constantine the Great, Christian churches were asylums for the unfortunate persons whom an outraged law or powerful enemies pursued. Theodosius extended this privilege to the houses, gardens, and other places which were under the jurisdiction of the churches. This privilege prevailed in the whole of Catholic Christendom, and was preserved undiminished, at least in Italy, so long as the papal independence remained. —'Biblical Encyclopedia.

Wickedness and injustice lie in the intentions.—Aristotle.

A wise man forgets old grudges.—Chinese Proverb.

There is no method of obtaining God's protection but by adherence to His laws.—William E. Channing.

(FROM PELOUBET'S 'NOTES.')

'It requires only to look at the map to see how wisely these spots were marked out, so as to make a city of refuge easy of access from all parts of the land. They were chosen, it will be observed, out of the priestly and Levitical cities, as likely to be inhabited by the most intelligent part of the community.'—'Cambridge Bible.

Note. Not only was the situation of these cities such as to present the easiest access from all parts of the country, but roads were to be built to them (Deut. xix., 3). 'According to the Rabbins, in order to give the fugitive all possible advantage in his flight, it was the business of the Sanhedrim to make the roads that led to the cities of refuge convenient, by enlarging them and removing every obstruction that might hurt his foot or hinder his speed. No hillock was left, no river was allowed over which there was not a bridge. At every turning there were to be posts erected bearing the words, Refuge, Refuge, to guide the unhappy man in his flight, and two students in the law were appointed to accompany him, that, if the avenger should overtake him before he reached the city, they might attempt to pacify him till the legal investigation could take place.'—F. R. Beard.

Christ is the City of Refuge. 'It is not the church, it is not the altar; it is Christ himself who is the one and only sacrifice for sin, and therefore the one and only hiding-place to which the sinner can repair. But there such a refuge is provided as will meet the case of sinners of every class, not excepting the wilful murderer himself, if he repents, and that refuge is the everlasting love of God revealed in Jesus Christ, crucified for our sins, and raised from the dead for our redemption.

'God has done all he can to aid and draw men to Jesus. Now, beloved, I think this is a picture of the road to Christ Jesus. It is no roundabout road of the law; it is no obeying this, that, and the other; it is a straight road; "Believe and live." It is a road so hard that no self-righteous man can ever tread it; but it is a road so easy that every sinner who knows himself to be a sinner might by it find his way to Christ and heaven. And lest they should be mistaken, God has sent me and my brethren in the ministry to be like hand posts in the way, to point poor sinners to Jesus; and we desire ever to have on our lips the cry: "Refuge, refuge, refuge." Sinner, that is the way; walk therein, and be thou savd.'—Spurgeon.

BIBLE REFERENCES.

Ex. xxi; 13, 14; Deut. xix., 1-13; Psa. xviii., 10; xxxii., 1; xvii., 2, 3; xvic., 1; Matt. xi., 28-30; Rom. viii., 1; Matt. v., 38, 39; I. John iii., 15.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, November 3.—Topic—'Acquainted with God.' Job. xxii., 21, 22. (Consecration meeting.)

C. E. Topic.

TRYING AGAIN.

Monday, Oct. 28.—Peter's denial. Matt. xxvi., 69-74.

Tuesday, Oct. 29.—Peter trying again. Acts iv., 1-13.

Wednesday, Oct. 30.—David trying again. Ps. li., 10-15.

Thursday, Oct. 31.—Israelites trying again. II. Chron. xiv., 1-7.

Friday, Nov. 1.—Jonah's second chance. Jonah iii., 1, 2.

Saturday, Nov. 2.—The Ninevites trying again. Jonah iii., 5-10.

Sunday, Nov. 3.—Topic—A fresh beginning. Jonah iii., 1-4. (Consecration meeting.)

Growing.

I was staying in one of the best Christian homes at Elsternwick, in Australia. A young lady said one day, 'Dear brother, I do not see my plant growing. I water it; I try my best with it, but I don't see that it grows.'

I said, 'What is the matter with it?'

'I don't know; I put water on it and manure it. I have done all that I could, but I do not see any growth. There are a few leaves on the top, but no growth.'

I said to her, 'Perhaps there is something at the bottom. did you ever think so?' Oh,' she said, 'I never thought of that.'

She took a knife and dug to the bottom of the plant to see if there was anything there. She found a big maggot just at the root and took it out.

She said to me, 'What a big maggot I found at its root!'

I said, 'That was the hindrance of your plant's growth. You put manure and water on it, but you didn't find out what was hindering its growth.'

When I went to Ceylon, she wrote me a letter, in which she said: 'My plant is growing now. I have learned two lessons from it. First I found out the reason why my plant was not growing, because there was a maggot just at its root; second, that told me exactly the state of my soul.'

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BOYS AND GIRLS

Barty's Turkey.

A Thanksgiving Story.

(Sophie Swett, in 'St. Nicholas.')

'What do you wish, Barty O'Flanigan?'

Miss Sarah Wilhelmina Appleby put her head out at the window and spoke rather impatiently.

Barty O'Flanigan was a small boy with a big basket and a bigger voice, while his brogue was something wonderful to hear.

'It's the foine fat turrkey the misthress is afther promisin' me fur me Thanksgivin' I'm waintin',' replied Barty. 'Shure, did n't I ketch her ould horse as was afther runnin' away, an' hould him till the arrums iv me was broke intirely? An' sez the misthress to me, sez she, "Barty," sez she, "come up an' take your pick iv me foine fat turrkeys fûr your Thanksgivin' dinner," sez she. An' it's here I am, Miss, be the same token.'

Miss Sarah Wilhelmina remembered her aunt's promise. 'But Tim has gone to the station,' she said. 'You'll have to come again when he can catch one for you.'

'An' why couldn't I ketch it meself, an' me mother waitin' to pluck the feathers aff it, an' the misthress sayin' I could have me pick?' queried Barty insinuatingly.

'I don't know whether you could catch one, Barty; you're so small,' said Sarah Wilhelmina doubtfully.

'The legs ov me is long,' said Barty, displaying them with pride, 'an' I can ketch any thing at all, so me mother sez—barrin' the mayzles.'

Now Sarah Wilhelmina was in a hurry, for she was going away to spend Thanksgiving; and Martha Washington was down cellar and Mancy had gone on an errand.

'I know Aunt Doxy wouldn't wish him to be disappointed,' she said to herself; and then she added aloud, 'Oh, well, Barty; you may catch one if you can; all the turkeys are out in the field'; and with that, Sarah Wilhelmina rushed off to her train, while Barty betook himself to the field where the doomed Thanksgiving turkeys were enjoying the frosty morning air.

Two hours afterward Miss Eudoxia Appleby, the mistress of Pine Hill Farm, reached home with her small niece, Rebecca Ellen, and her nephew Thaddeus.

'I'm almost sorry I let Sarah Wilhelmina go,' said Aunt Doxy sadly. 'I'm afraid we shall have a very lonely Thanksgiving.'

As they usually had very jolly Thanksgivings at Pine Hill Farm, Becky and Thaddy grew sad also, and Becky, looking wistfully out of the window at a little house at the foot of the hill, said:

'Better 'vite the people at the cottage; then't wouldn't be lonesome.'

Aunt Doxy spoke severely, almost sharply. 'Becky,' she said, 'those people in the cottage are not such as I approve of, and neither of you children must go near the fence.'

Nobody in Cressbrook knew just what to think of the 'cottage people,' as Aunt Doxy called them. They had taken the little house in the early spring, and had added peaks and gables and little piazzas to it, and had painted it in red and olive and yellow, until Aunt Doxy declared it a dreadful sight to see.

And she didn't like the looks of the people any better. They wore fantastic finery and appeared as if they were always going to a fancy-dress ball. The man who took care of their horse and cow had been seen in a Roman toga. The lady of the house fed the chickens in a Mother Hubbard dress of sea-green organdie, with a poke bonnet on her head and a ridiculous dove perched on her shoulder. And the children—a boy and girl of about the same ages as Thaddy and Becky—looked like a little grandfather and grandmother who had just stepped out of some old picture-frame,—or so Aunt Doxy thought. She even contemplated building a very high fence between the two gardens, lest Becky and Thaddy should take an interest in the small antique-looking persons who lived in the queer cottage.

Of course they took an interest in them, and many stolen glances besides; they soon found out in some way that the children at the cottage were named Rupert and Marguerite, and that they were kind and pleasant playmates.

But in the midst of the children's horrifying assertion to Aunt Doxy, that they didn't believe Rupert and Marguerite were very bad children after all, there came a revelation that almost took the good lady's breath away.

Emancipation, or Mancy, was the very black daughter of the equally black Martha Washington, whom Miss Eudoxia had imported from the South for household 'helps' soon after the war. And Mancy now burst, almost breathless, into the room with the cry:

'Oh, Miss Doxy! de Princess gone!'

'Gone? She hasn't flown over the cottage fence, has she?' exclaimed Aunt Doxy, in great consternation.

'Wus'n dat,' declared Martha Washington, hustling in after her daughter. 'Wus'n dat, M'ss Doxy! she's been pulled froo de fence!'

Aunt Doxy was fond of pets and had a great many, but her heart was especially set upon her pea-fowls—'Prince and Princess Charming.' 'The Prince was a great, splendidly shaped peacock, with a magnificent display of tail-feathers; the Princess was of a dull color, and had no tail-feathers to spread. She was chiefly remarkable for a very discordant voice. But Aunt Doxy seemed fonder of her than of the Prince. Perhaps it was because everybody disparaged her.

'Pulled through the fence! Why, what do you mean?' she cried.

Martha Washington's fat and jolly face was gloomy with prophecy.

'Yo' knows, for a fac', Miss Doxy,' she said, 'how 'tractive dem peacocks has allays b'en to de fam'ly down dar,' and she pointed a fat, disapproving finger at the cottage, for Martha Washington shared her mistress's prejudices. 'De gemman hisself done sot on de fence in de br'illin' sun, a-takin' of dem off wiv his pa cil, an' de leetle gal say her maammy done want a fan made out ob de Princess tail. And see yar, Miss Doxy,'—Martha Washington solemnly drew from her pocket a brown-and-drab feather,—'I done fin' dis stickin' in de cottage fench whar de pore bird was pulled froo.' And Martha Washington spread out both her fat hands, as if to emphasize her proof of the 'cottage people's' guilt.

Aunt Doxy was overcome. 'O my poor Princess!' she said. 'What could they want it for?'

'Why, to eat, Miss Doxy, o' course,' declared Martha Washington. 'Dat sort o' s'picious folks allays gets do curusest t'ings to eat. Dey took Princess for deir T'anksgibin' dinner.'

'What ignorant, barbarous people they must be—to eat a peacock!' said Aunt Doxy. 'I certainly must write a letter of remonstrance, and see what excuse they can offer for so unchristian an act.'

Aunt Doxy was considered by her fellow-workers in church and Sunday-school as having an especial gift for dealing with transgressors. So she seated herself at her desk, and proceeded to the task of bringing her sinful neighbors to a sense of their great wickedness. She did not hesitate to show them plainly the wrong of which they had been guilty, and she did not even deem it fitting that, as was often the case with her, justice should be tempered with mercy. Aunt Doxy sadly feared that her objectionable neighbors were hardened offenders, whose hearts could not be easily touched.

'Here, Thaddy,' she said, as she folded her note, 'you may carry this to the cottage; come back just as soon as you have delivered it—do you hear?'

And Thaddy, overjoyed at this opportunity to enter forbidden ground and have even a few moments of Rupert's society, replied, 'Yes'm,' with suspicious docility, and ran off like a flash.

'I hopes nuffin'll happen to dat boy,' muttered Martha Washington, gloomily, as she went about her Thanksgiving-day preparations. She evidently believed there were no limits to the enormities of which the cottage people were capable.

Half an hour passed by and then Becky said, looking enviously toward the cottage, with her nose flattened against the window-pane: 'I wonder why Thaddy doesn't come back?'

Aunt Doxy looked up in great alarm. 'Had not he come back?' she asked. How could she have forgotten him? But surely they could not be wicked enough to harm a child.

Tim was dispatched in great haste in search of the missing boy. He found him in the grove behind the cottage, playing with Rupert. Thaddy was silent and ashamed under Aunt Doxy's reproof. Rupert had coaxed him to play, and he had played. That was all he would say, except the expression of his opinion that 'Rupert was a good boy, and was going to have a donkey with long ears.' It was evident that, in spite of the melancholy fate of the poor Princess, Thaddy had a great longing for the society at the cottage.

Miss Doxy sat up late, expecting a message of some sort from her neighbors, but none came. Poor Prince Charming was uttering doleful and discordant cries for the lost partner of his joys and sorrows.

'Oh, how truly thankful I could be to-morrow,' thought Aunt Doxy, 'if these people had only gone back to town!'

But when she arose in the morning, a bright and jolly Thanksgiving sun was peeping above the gables of the little red, olive, and yellow cottage, and an ample Thanksgiving smoke was pouring out of its chimney.

Aunt Doxy seated herself at the breakfast table sad at heart. The children said little, and the poor peacock recommenced his wailing. Suddenly there came a violent knocking at the back door. 'The answer to my letter,' thought Aunt Doxy.

But it wasn't. For the next moment there burst into the room a stout Irish woman with a big basket, dragging in a shame-faced boy—Mrs. O'Flanigan and Barty!

From the basket arose a voice—muffled and hoarse, but still familiar, and sounding like sweet music to Aunt Doxy's ear.

'O Miss Appleby, mum,' said Mrs. O'Flanigan, 'it's kilt intoirely I am, mum, wid shame, an' the hairt iv me is broke, so it is, that iver I'd see the day whin me own boy—an' his fayther as sinsible a man as iver shtepped in two shoes—wud n't know the difference tetween a turrkey an' a pay-cock! Shure, he sez yersilf was away an' the young leddy guv him lave to pick out a turrkey for himsilf, and he tuk this wan, so he did, for a foine large turrkey, and him a-thryin' to wring the neck ov it when I hears the quare voice of the craythur. And sez I, "Whativer air ye about, ye spalpane?" sez I; "it do be Miss Appleby's paycock ye have there." An' he havin' the neck of the poor baste half wrung, an' the craythur near kilt, I was afeerd to bring her home til ye. An' shure, I shplintered up the neck ov her and docthered her up wid swate ile, an' last night she'd ate a bit, an' this marnin' her voice had grown that swate and nat-chooral 'it would bring tears to the oies ov yer. And, sez I to Barty, sez I, "Come along up to Miss Appleby' wid me," sez I, "an' if it is n't hangin' ye'll get," sez I, "it 's in the cowld jail ye'll spind yer Thanksgivin'-day," sez I, "fur murtherin' ov her poor baste ov a paycock—an' ye wud hav murthered her but for me," sez I.'

Barty looked as dejected as anything so

small could well look; but he lifted up his gruff little voice courageously.

'Shure, I nivver knew that a craythur could be a paycock widout a tail, at all, at all,' he said piteously, 'an' seein' it war n't manin' any harrum I was, an' the hairt ov me quite broke intoirely, an' me mither's—an' we not havin' anythin' barrin' praties for our Thanksgivin' dinner, shure ye moit lave me off, Miss Appleby, mum,—an' shure I'll nivver come where I hear the voice ov a paycock agin.'

Aut Doxy was so happy to have her dear Princess restored that she could blame no one. 'Never mind Barty, you needn't feely bardy,' she said. 'You shall have the turkey I promised you; a fine, fat one, and all ready for the oven. —But, oh, dear,' she exclaimed, 'if I only had n't written that letter.'

Barty's woe-begone look gave place to a beam of happiness; but as he and his mother went off with a fine turkey in the big basket, he still protested that 'shure it was not a right baste at all, at all, that pertinded to be a paycock an' had n't no iligint tail-feathers.'

Aunt Doxy was still bemoaning her sad mistake when Martha Washington, who felt that perhaps she was somewhat to blame in the matter, came in with a letter.

'Oh, dear, is it the answer?' said Aunt Doxy.

'Reckon not, Miss Doxy, it dont come froo de post-offis,' replied Martha Washington, scanning it closely, ''Pears like it might be from Miss Sarah Wilhelmina.'

'Oh, oh!' cried Aunt Doxy, as she read the letter, 'what do you suppose Sarah Wilhelmina says? She says that Mrs. Gracey knows the people in the cottage very well, and that she congratulates me on having such delightful neighbors. They are Mr. A——, the celebrated artist, and his family; and Mrs. A—— is a daughter of my old minister, Dr. Forristall, who is going to spend Thanksgiving with them!'

Aunt Doxy dropped the letter in her lap. 'Oh, that letter, that dreadful letter!' she said. 'What must they think of me?'

But now Thaddy looked up suddenly from a thoughtful consideration of the yellow kitten's eyes.

'Are you sorry you wrote it, Aunt Doxy; true as you live, and never do so again?' he asked solemnly, 'and would you be a little easy on a fellow if—if—if an accident had happened to that letter?'

'Why, Thaddeus, what do you mean? Tell me instantly,' said Aunt Doxy.

'Well, confessed Thaddy, 'you see, before I rang the bell at the cottage Rupert asked me to play with him, and we went out to the grove back of the house, and he was making a kazoo on a comb and wanted a piece of paper, and so I pulled that letter out of my pocket, without thinking what it was, and tore it up, and I'm awful sorry, but——'

'Thaddy, it was very, very wrong of you to be so careless and disobedient,' said Aunt Doxy; 'but this time I do believe it was an interposition of Providence.'

And soon another letter was despatched to the cottage, and Aunt Doxy followed it with an invitation to dinner. And Mr. A—— and Mrs. A—— and Rupert and Marguerite all came up from the cottage, and so did Dr. Forristall. And so it came to pass that they had a jolly Thanksgiving at Pine Hill Farm after all. And Barty O'Flanigan had his turkey, too.

Some Things to be Thankful For.

Our Eyes.—I looked into the sightless eyes of an old friend of mine, some years ago, and heard him say that he had never seen the sun rise, and had never looked upon his mother's face; and I realized that all my life I had been using my eyes, and never once had thanked God for them.

Our Reason.—I visited an insane asylum, and saw one of the most brilliant men this country has produced with reason dethroned, imagining himself a beast of the field, splendid in his physical proportions, but with mind entirely gone, and I turned away in shame to acknowledge that I had never thanked God for my reason.

Our Feet.—A certain beggar was crying out along the roadside that he was the brother of a king, and was without shoes. 'What a shame,' he said, 'that a king's brother should go unshod!' and then he saw a poor beggar carried by without feet, and in confusion he began to thank God that he was better off than he. In ten thousand ways God has blessed us, for which we have not thought to render praise to him.—Exchange.

Only Heroes

He calls not where the silver light
  Lies on the waveless sea,
Where idly rock the pleasure-boats,
  And summer winds move merrily.
His course is o'er the stormy deep,
  He calls to stress and strain;
Who mans the life-boat for His sake
  Must toil all night the wreck to gain.
Where wild winds rage and billows roar,
  And death is waiting nigh,
The Christ calls, 'Who will follow me?'
  He must be brave who answers, 'I.'

Yet round about the Master stands
  A group of hero souls,
And he is in good company
  Who in that list his name enrolls.
No coward hearts, no wavering wills,
  Are in that matchless crowd;
But those who lift the cross on high,
  And serve their Master, meekly proud.
Is it too much to ask of thee
  The labor and the loss?
Unworthy thou to follow Him;
  Heroes alone can bear His cross.

—Selected.

No Cheap Purchase.

I know not by what authority I should offer you the noble life on cheap and easy terms. To be a Christian is not easy; character is not to be bought at a bargain; and you know the severe terms on which excellence in business or professional life must be purchased will not expect to gain Christian character without strenuous effort and serious sacrifice.—William DeWitt Hyde.

This Life is What We Make It.

Let's oftener talk of noble deeds,
  And rarer of the bad ones;
And sing about our happy days,
  And not about the sad ones.

Let's find the sunny side of men,
  Or be believers in it.
A light there is in every soul
  That takes the pains to win it.

We were not made to fret and sigh,
  And when grief sleeps to wake it.
Bright happiness is standing by—
  This life is what we make it.

—'Christian Churchman.'

Pete's Thanksgiving.

(Francis S. Veirs, in the 'Presbyterian Banner.')

A short while before Thanksgiving Pete had come home from church one Sunday with a dull and hopeless look on his face. The minister had told all the Sunday school pupils that he wished them to try and bring something on Thanksgiving toward helping to pay off the debt of the church, and all the other children had listened with joy in their hearts over the opportunity. It made them feel big, they said, to give to the grown people's debt.

But Pete was poor. There was a large family to support, his father made small wages, and his mother was sickly. So he had no means of getting money for the church or for anything else. By dint of saving his mother had managed to give him a penny a week for Sunday school; but for more than that he felt that he did not have any right to ask.

Pete was proud. He felt the sting of poverty more than most boys do. So tossing aside his book, he sat down and hung his head gloomily. When dinner was ready he ate sparingly, and his mother wondered what ailed him. Still he said nothing, and presently arose and went out doors. Hardly had he gone a square, though, when he came face to face with Mary Barton, a little girl around the corner.

'Well, Pete!' she called, cheerily. 'What's the matter?'

'Nothing,' said Pete, gloomily.

'Yes, there is, too. Come, tell me about it, won't you, Pete?'

Pete was silent.

Mary, where are you going?'

'Nowhere, particular.'

'Indeed! May I go along?'

'If you care to,' Mary laughed.

Then, rattling on in an easy, breezy way, she bit by bit, led Pete on to talk. It was a hard matter, at first, for although never before had he refused to tell her about his troubles and grievances, it cut him to the quick to speak of his poverty to anyone, and particularly to Mary. Still there was no way out of it. Mary had always been sympathetic, and had often helped him out of his difficulties. And she seemed anxious to know, to help him, that almost before he realized it he had told her about the Thanksgiving money the minister had asked them to bring. Then somehow she knew the rest—about his being too poor to give it, and everything.

'How much is your class to give?' she asked.

'A dollar apiece.'

'Pshaw! You can easily raise that.'

Pete knew he could not, so said nothing.

'You have plenty of time Saturdays and other days, after school hours,' said Mary. 'Why not earn it?'

'I haven't any work.'

'Get some.'

'I can't.'

'Have you tried?'

'Yes, at other times, and failed.'

'Try again. Nothing beats a trial, and because you've failed once or twice it doesn't follow that you will fail always. Papa says he hates boys that haven't any pluck, and that they ought to have been girls in grandma's days. When I want a thing I just keep right on till I get it, and I'm a girl.'

Pete winced and walked on quietly. Mary knew he thought her parents had plenty to gratify all her wishes, and that was why she got everything she wanted, and she would have offered to have helped him, only she knew he would not have accepted it. Besides, she wanted to show him how to carry a point, to stand up and fight, and to win. It was a lesson he should know, she thought.

'Look here, Pete, you're down-hearted. Now, listen to me. You've nearly a whole month to make that dollar, and lots of boys not as smart as you, and without your health and strength, make ten times that much. So why do you give up? Go round to the stores and places and try for work. Plenty of them would pay you for carrying bundles and things. Papa would, I know, and I'll ask him to-night. I'll tell him why you wish to do it, and—and—everything.'

Pete's face brightened. 'Sure enough Mary?'

'Sure enough,' she promised, laughing and dancing gayly with her new project.

Pete went home with a light heart. Mary had helped him out of another trouble, so he would try and prove himself worthy of her help. In the morning he would go bright and early around to Mr. Barton's store, and if there was anything to do he would work with a willing grace.

When morning came, though, and Pete appeared at the store, Mr. Barton eyed him closely. He had tried the boy before and had found him slow and lazy. Besides, he was not just then in need of anyone.

Pete, being very much disappointed, hung his head and walked away. Mr. Barton watched him go down the street, then presently, when he reached the corner, called him back. 'What do you want to do?'

The 'Messenger' wants an introduction to thousands of new schools within the next six weeks. Will you give it one? Show this paper or send it to some new friend and tell them of our FREE TRIAL OFFER. See page 12.

Harvest Hymn.

Once more the liberal year laughs out
  O'er richer stores than gems of gold;
Once more with harvest song and shout
  Is nature's bloodless triumph told.

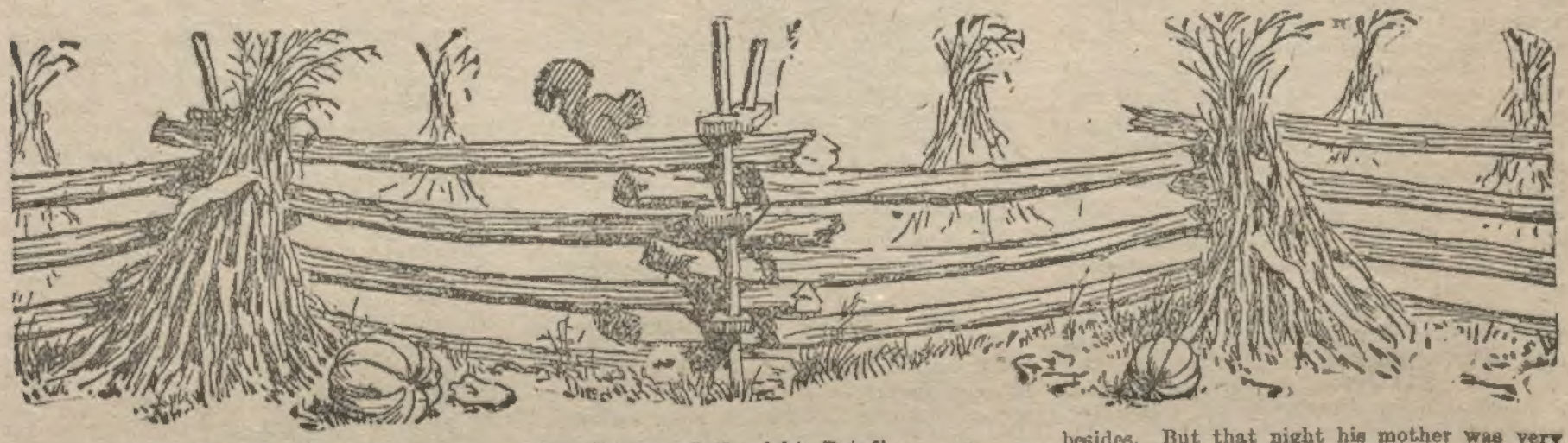
Our common mother rests and sings
  Like Ruth among her garnered sheaves;
Her lap is full of goodly things,
  Her brow is bright with autumn leaves.

We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom on;
  We murmur, but the corn ears fill;
We choose the shadow, but the sun
  That casts it shines behind us still.

God gives us with our rugged soil
  The power to make it Eden fair,
And richer fruit to crown our toil
  Than summer-wedded islands bear.

Who murmurs at his lot to-day?
  Who scorns his native fruit and bloom,
Or sighs for dainties far away,
  Besides the bounteous board of home?

And by these altars wreathed with flowers,
  And fields of fruits, awake again
Thanksgiving for the golden hours,
  The early and the latter-rain.—Whittier.



'Anything I can get, sir.'

'Ah! you didn't used to talk that way. You used to pick and choose.'

'I've learned better now, sir.'

'Glad to hear it, my boy.' Then, as Pete seemed sorry, Mr. Barton sent him to a friend who had odd jobs to do.

Mr. Hobbs, though, was hard to please, as well as hard and close, so that Pete had to work very steadily to earn even a little bit of money. Still, spurred on by Mary, he worked with a ready hand until, at last, a week before Thanksgiving he had raised the desired amount.

He went home that night feeling very proud and whistling merrily. Little did he know of the sad news awaiting him; but when he arrived home he found his mother ill unto death, and no money in the house to buy medicine. So Pete took out all of his Thanksgiving money and gave it to his father. Then he went around and told Mary what he had done.

'Never mind,' said Mary, with sympathy. 'The money has gone in a good cause.'

'It isn't that that's bothering me. I'm glad I had it to give. It's—it's my mother.'

Then Pete broke down and cried bitterly.

'It's too hard,' said Mary, gently, laying her hand on his head, and smoothing his hair. 'I wish I could help you in some way. Maybe your mother won't die; maybe she'll be better in the morning. Try and bear up, Pete. Maybe she will.'

But when morning came his mother was no better, and Pete still sat by her bedside where he had watched and waited all night long. Mary found him there when she brought her mother around to help with the nursing, and cheered him the best she could in her own little way as he started back to his work with Mr. Hobbs.

'There is more need than ever for you to help,' she had said; so Pete worked still harder, and Mr. Hobbs, having heard the story of his life and of his mother's illness from Mary's father, noticed his willingness and industry, and on the evening before Thanksgiving called him up to his desk.

'Well, Pete, the jobs are all finished,' he said, 'and here is this week's pay. Now, my boy, may I ask how you are going to spend it?'

'Give it to my father, sir.'

'I thought you wanted it for the church—to help pay off the debt, Pete?'

'So I did, sir; but my mother is ill and my father needs it for medicine and other things.'

He tried to speak stoutly, but his eyes filled with tears, and Mr. Hobbs saw them.

'You're disappointed, then, Pete?'

'Not so much that, sir—as I am—about my—mother's illness. Oh, Mr. Hobbs, you don't know—about my mother and—everything.'

Mr. Hobbs was silent for awhile, for although he was a hard and close man he was also a just one, and having testified Pete's willingness to work on a little pay decided to give him the regular price.

'Well,' he said, 'you are right to help your father and mother, and as I didn't give you as much as it would have cost me to have had the jobs done by anyone else, I'll give you the rest. Then you can return after to-morrow and set in at my regular price.'

Pete's heart bounded as he started home. He had the week's wages and the other money besides. But that night his mother was very ill. The crisis had come and life hung upon a thread. Mary and her mother nursed faithfully, yet the hours passed slowly and no change came.

In the morning the doctor shook his head and went away. Pete watched him, knew what he meant, and sat quite still and silent in the next room, waiting. A long time passed; how long he did not know; but by and by, when the church bells rang out for the Thanksgiving service, Mary like a little fairy angel came to him, put her arms around his neck, said that his mother was better, and that Pete's money had saved her life. And Pete, listening with joy in his heart, knew that it had also made a man of him, taught him how to work, to earn a living for himself instead of depending on other people. So with a look of glad joy in his face he thanked Mary for all she had done for him, and said that ever afterward he would earn his own church money.

Put Your Thanks in the Present Tense

'HOW MUCH I WILL HAVE TO BE THANKFUL FOR WHEN I AM RICH AND DON'T HAVE TO WORK'

'HOW MUCH I HAD TO BE THANKFUL FOR WHEN I WAS YOUNG AND STRONG ENOUGH TO WORK'

—'Home Herald.'

THANKSGIVING

By Clinton Scollard

Thanksgiving for God's boundless blue
Above us brooding; for the hue
And perfumed pageant of the year;
For waters singing lyric clear,
And birds in choral retinue.

For all the varied life we view
About us bourgeoning; for the clue
To happiness beyond the Here—
Thanksgiving!

For chance the kindly deed to do
While dawn and dusk their paths pursue;
For hope and its attendant cheer;
For all that's noble and sincere;
For friends—but chiefly, love, for you—
Thanksgiving!

—'Tribune Sunday Magazine.'

How The Comforter Came.

(Mrs. Elizabeth Cheney, in the 'Christian Advocate.')

My sister Katherine's wedding day shines out from the dim past of our pleasant but commonplace family annals something as a tall, snowy spray from a garden gleam in a field of clover blooms. I was a school girl then, with a faculty for idealizing people and things that charmed me, and although the wedding was a quiet one at home in the afternoon it was to me a wonderful event, and permeated my whole being with strange delight. I do not think, however, that my imagination endowed Katherine with any fictitious loveliness. One never grew quite accustomed to her beauty. For that matter, who has ever become used to sunrises or Summer fields or the woods in October—who that has his soul's eyes once unveiled? Katherine was a June bride, and pink and white roses hung in great unstinted, delicate masses upon the vines that clambered on the wide porch and up to the eaves of our old home. I recall, after all the years, the enchanting stir all through the old-fashioned house. The faint, delicious odors, the glint of grandmother's cherished silver, the flashes of color, the ripple of music and laughter—all these mingle in memory when I think of that day, and sunshine everywhere, flickering between the elms in the front yard, glancing through the window draperies, dancing irreverently on great-grandfather's dim, formidable portrait, and lovingly touching our Katherine's golden hair as she stood beside her husband to receive the good wishes of her friends. We pelted them with roses as they went down the sunny path to their carriage, the tall, broad-shouldered, noble-looking man, and Katherine, radiant in her gray gown, turning to throw kisses at father and mother. It was so beautiful that I rebelled and wondered a little later when I found mother sobbing quietly in the china closet.

The next time that I saw Katherine she was coming up that same path on a November morning in the following year. It was a gray, desolate day, and the wind rattled the long bare branches of the elms against the house, swinging the forsaken nests of orioles to and fro, and shaking the leafless, brown vines as if to tear them from column and wall. Father had paused at the curbstone to pay the hack driver, and Katherine, her white, mournful face showing like marble against her black raiment, walked slowly toward the house, holding in her arms the dearest little baby in the world. Mother stood in the open door and put her arms around them both.

'Your're as welcome as the day you were born!' she said, with a sob, to Katherine.

My sister tenderly handed me the baby, and sank into a big chair in front of the fire. Tears rolled over her cheeks.

'Oh, mother! Oh, Florence!' she said. 'To think that Leonard is dead! I cannot have it so!'

I had eagerly removed the baby's hood and cloak, and while mother hovered over Katherine I held our new treasure close; but the little one stretched out his dimpled hands to his mother with a gleeful cry, and Katherine smiled through her tears as she received her darling back again.

'He has his father's eyes,' she said. 'He will be mamma's comfort for years and years.'

But there were never any such years. After a few months our precious baby went to his father. This was a long time ago, but I can never forget how Katherine, who we thought must die too, when she was told that her boy could not live, lay for two days and nights without food or drink, without a word to any of us—how she arose from her bed with such joy in her eyes, such a light on her face, that we almost feared for her reason. For ten days she shared the care of her child, never faltering nor murmuring, but sometimes weeping strangely blessed tears that did not seem to spring from agony, but from depths of tenderness. She said but little as those long days of watching passed by. On the night when the little spirit slipped away Katherine held the baby on her lap as the last breath fluttered on its lips.

'O Thou dear Shepherd,' she whispered, 'I lay my lamb in Thy bosom.'

I stood by in a passion of tears. Even father wept aloud, and mother's face was white and drawn with a yet deeper anguish that could not cry out. I resented the serenity with which Katherine kissed the dear, tiny hands. Before going to my room I managed to whisper to mother:

'I don't know what to make of sister. She does not seem to suffer as we do.'

'Florence,' replied mother, 'the Comforter has come to your sister.'

But I could not understand.

I thought of her empty arms, of her bitter disappointments, and still wondered. She lived on among us for ten years. She was the light of the house. She was joyful, but with a sacred gladness that never ran shallow enough for jollity. She was cheerful always, but especially on dull days, and when household affairs went wrong. She was an incarnation of the apostolic benediction. Our village took her into its heart of hearts. She became a sort of patron saint. People came to her with their troubles, and ran to share their joys with her. When she died the school children wept, and the factory girls, and the old folks at the town farm. Senator Loring's widow, from the hill, and the little lame black boy who swept the steps of father's office stood at our door at the same time with flowers.

Katherine knew that she was going, and it seemed as if the reflection of a brightness unseen by us made her exquisite face glow like an angel's.

'I thought,' she whispered, 'that I could not live without Leonard and the baby, but the Comforter came, and the journey has been short after all. He will come to you if you open His own door—the door of praise. Dear hearts, God will give you the victory.'

We did not actually rebel at the loss of her, for we were Christian people, but we grieved dreadfully. Our religion appeared to have nothing for us but a hope of meeting again sometime—a hope that kept our hearts from breaking, but was only like a ray of light in a dungeon. We dreaded the approach of Thanksgiving Day, and decided not to observe it in the usual fashion. We would remember some poor people in whom my sister had been especially interested, but we would ourselves have a plainer dinner than usual, and try to endure that vacant place at the table as best we might. It proved to be a stormy day, and when evening came we sat in the firelight too lonely and depressed to interest ourselves in anything. Suddenly father said to mother:

'Have you read Katherine's little book yet?'

Mother shook her head. Our dear one had left with us a diary of the baby's short life. We had never felt that we could open it.

'Suppose you fetch it now,' said father, 'and we will light the lamp and Florence can read aloud.'

Mother went to her room and returned with a small leather-bound blank book, and handed it to me. Father had procured a light, and I took the little volume lovingly and began to read. The first pages were a record of the happy days in Katherine's beautiful Western home when the tender mystery of their strange new dignity and blessedness was yet a cherished secret between the young wife and her husband, kept even from mother, 'for mother might worry, being so far away.' Later, when we were allowed to share the hope and the fear, there were entries of dainty gifts from the home friends, and every page breathed of Leonard's thoughtfulness.

'Dear child!' said mother, wiping her misty spectacles, 'how happy she was!'

There was a short break in the record, and there was a telegram from home laid between the leaves, and then the simple gladsome story of the new love rippled on for weeks. Then came a sudden pause and a long one of several months, when there was but one line written: 'Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.' When Katherine came back to us she laid aside the little book; but she had reopened it and begun again just before the boy was taken ill. I will copy a few paragraphs that cover the next few days, hoping that some one may be helped even as we were in the reading:

(Continued on Page 11.)

LITTLE FOLKS

—From 'Father Tuck's Annual,, published by Raphael Tuck & Sons, London.

A Child's Thanksgiving.

Can a little child like me
Thank the Father fittingly?
Yes, O yes. Be good and true,
Patient, kind in all you do,
Love the Lord and do your part,
Learn to say with all your heart:
Father, we thank thee,
Father, in heaven, we thank thee.

For the fruit upon the tree,
For the birds that sing to thee,
For the earth in beauty dressed,
Father, mother and the rest,
For thy precious loving care,
For the bounty everywhere,
Father, we thank thee
Father, in heaven we thank thee.

—'Selected.'

Dimple's Thanksgiving.

'Must I pick up the chips? It's Saturday,' said Dimple, pouting a trifle.

'All the more reason,' said Aunt Patie, briskly. 'Saturday is baking day, and I want to heat my oven.'

'And next week is Thanksgiving,' said Dimple, clearing up. 'Going to make a real big pumpkin pie? I can stone raisins, grandma,' seeing a box on the table.

Now, being refreshed by the thought of the Thanksgiving dainties his chips were going to help cook, he trudged off to the woodshed and was back almost before grandma's apron was tied.

It was a trial that she did not accept his ready offers to help, and he pouted again when he was presented with six raisins and requested to take himself away from the kitchen. He did, and was gone an hour, when suddenly he rushed back.

'Abner says if you'll come and look over the turkeys, 'cause he has his opinion, and he knows you have a contrary one.'

Aunt Patie hurried from the kitchen. Her mind was fixed which gobbler was to be approved as fattest for the feast. Grandma followed, and Dimple was left alone in the kitchen. The huge pumpkin pie stood on the side-table; it was large and deep enough for a pudding, and Dimple looked at it with satisfaction.

'I don't believe it's sweet enough; Aunt Patie don't like so much sugar as grandma and me,' and therewith meddlesome Dimple plunged in a heaping spoonful of white powder from the box nearest.

'Now, Mary Vail needn't brag how she helps bake,' said Dimple. 'I know some things as much as she does. S'pose I put some more cinnamon in, too.'

Grandma came back just in time to prevent the contents of the red-pepper box from flavoring the mince-meat, and Dimple, conveying a sly pinch to his mouth, got his deserts, and choked and spluttered, while the tears rolled down his blouse.

'I 'spected it was cinnamon—looks red just the same,' he wailed, while grandma tried to comfort him with an apple, and Aunt Patie smiled grimly.

'Maybe you'll be taught not to meddle,' said she.

'I don't believe I shall,' sobbed Dimple. 'Next time I shall take a little pinch, though.'

Dimple thought the days would never drag away and the feast day arrive. But it did, and with no chips to pick up.

The minister came to dine. So did Mary Vail and her mother. The little flaxen-haired maiden looked whiter than ever in her red plaid dress.

Then the three little Brown boys arrived, to every one's surprise, till Dimple explained that he had invited them to come to dinner with him.

Aunt Patie frowned, but grandma looked kindly at the shabby boys, who came in awkwardly, but looking so eager and hungry.

'I suppose they never did have a dinner like this,' she said, softly. 'We can make room, Patience, and you see they are clean.'

So there was a place for every one, and every one looked pleased. How the Brown boys did eat, to be sure! They had never had such a chance before, poor things. Finally the pies and the puddings came on, and Aunt Patie said to the minister: 'First, I want you to try our pumpkin pie, Mr. Millman. It's made after the recipe my grandmother had, and we always had it cooked in just such a dish, and just so large.'

The pie looked very nice, and Dimple nudged Mary Vail under the table and smiled.

'It's just as sweet,' he whispered.

Mr. Millman did not seem to enjoy his slice; he coughed and drank some water; so did the others, and Aunt Patie, tasting, exclaimed: 'Why, of all things! What—why—saleratus!'

'I thought it was sugar!' cried Dimple, breaking into a roar, and hiding in grandma's dress.

'Dimple Stacy, you deserve a

whipping,' said his aunt, slowly.

'Couldn't you—well, say, let me be thrashed instead? He's so little—and he asked us to come,' said Jakey Brown.

Aunt Patie said nothing at all.

'He won't do so again,' said Mr. Millman.

'No, Aunt Patie and don't you know you said you'd be truly thankful when I was cured of mischief! I suppose I am now,' said Dimple, hopefully.

Everybody laughed, and the mince pies proved quite perfect.—'Youth's Companion.'

When Great-Grandmother was Young.

(By Margaret E. Backus, in the 'Christian Advocate.')

'Tell me about the time when you were a girl, grandmother!' (She is really my great-grandmother, but it's too long to say.)

The dear old lady felt just in the mood for a talk about old times, so I snuggled down to listen.

'Well,' she said, 'our big kitchen was always cheerful and homelike; we just lived there in it winters. Ours was a large family, and four of us children were girls. Mother was stern, and we had to do just as we were told, and not let a minute go to waste. Each one of us girls had finished knitting a pair of stockings by the time we were four years old, and my sister Harriet when she was three.

'The kitchen fireplace, with its great blazing logs which sometimes would last for days, took up about all of one side of the room. There were benches on both sides of the fire, where sometimes we children sat and watched the sparks fly up. The evening was the study time. Our light was one candle, but if a neighbor came in then mother lighted another—which was always blown out as soon as the company had gone.

'I remember when Walter' Scott's novels came out that a copy of Waverley was sent to mother, and I was selected to read it aloud. I would lay the snuffers on the book to keep it open, while I knit, and read the exciting romance as I worked.

'We had some children's books in those days, not many though, and all of them with the moral longer than the story. There was "The story of Little Fanny," with a wonderful colored picture of Fanny on the front page. The first verses went like this:

See Fanny here in frock as white as snow,
A sash of pink with wide and flowing bow.
And in her arms a famous doll she bears,
The only object of her hopes and cares.
Fanny with books will ne'er her mind employ
For play's her passion, idleness her joy.

And so on to the sad and tragic end of idle little Fanny.

'To lighten the treadmill of a musical education, "The Gamut and Time Table In Verse, for the Instruction of Children," began:

Said Annie to her sister Maria one day:
If you wish it, my dear, I will teach you to play.
I'll hear you your notes each day, if you're good,
And make them quite easy to be understood.
But first you'll observe what is clear to be seen
Those five straight black lines and four spaces between.

'But I'll go on to tell you about our school life: we children wore homespun woolen frocks to school. Sister Caroline and I had red dresses alike. Mother used to buy red-wood chips and boil them up in copperas water to set the dye. It didn't make a very pretty red, but a kind of dull brick color. The dresses were cut low in the neck, and in winter we wore little capes.

'The school-room had a sloping slab of wood set around three sides with a bench in front where we children sat, boys on one side, girls on the other. When we studied we "turned in," and when we recited we "turned out" and faced the teacher. Our teacher always wrote the "copy" in our writing books. We didn't have any pens in those days, but every Monday morning we had to take two quills to school.

'The girls were taught sewing as well as book learning. The sampler that I made had a strawberry vine worked in colors around the border; and then there were numbers and whole alphabets of capital letters, while at the bottom of the canvass I worked a church, with this verse above it:

"Jesus permit Thy gracious name to stand
As the first effort of a youthful hand;
And while her fingers o'er the canvas move
Engage her tender heart to seek Thy love.
May she with Thy dear children have a part
And write Thy name, Thyself upon my heart.

This sampler was finished when I was eight years old."

'When we children came home after a long day at school in the summer time, mother would reach down the stocking and ball from the shelf, pull off so many arm's length of yarn, tie a bow knot close to the ball, and not until we had finished knitting up that yarn were we free for play.'

None of you boys and girls of the twentieth century need pity my great-grandmother, for they had good times in those days. 'Much more real fun,' she said, 'than they have nowadays.'

Come Polly and Prue, come Molly and Sue,
Neat hands and laughing eyes,
Come mix and make and spice and bake
The brown Thanksgiving pies.
Apples to pare—O Bess, take care!
And Lucy, chop them small.
Raisins and mace and the citron sweet,
Mix them and mingle all.
To Lizzie we trust the flaky crust,
To Jane the rolling pin,
Then bring a hot from the cooking pot
And cover and close it in.
Tomorrow is dear Thanksgiving Day
And all the folks shall cry
Both great and small, "The best of all
Is the brown Thanksgiving pie."

THE DAY BEFORE THANKSGIVING.

—'The Congregationalist and Christian World.'

Correspondence

N.S.

Dear Editor,—Our Sunday school teacher got our Sunday school to subscribe for the 'Messenger,' and I think it was very kind of her. She went away, and I was very sorry, for I liked her very much.

I go to the Presbyterian Sunday school and Mission Band. Our Band meets the first Saturday in the month. We had a tea at the annual meeting, and had a nice time. I am trying for a diploma for repeating memory verses. I hope Chatter-Box will write soon again, for I enjoy her letters. I think we all do. I have a hen, and I sell her eggs, and put the money in my mite box.

ZELDA EUGEAN HARTLING.

T. M., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I live on the bank of the big Presquile river. We have a fine time skating, swimming, and fishing here. We catch beautiful strings of fish, some weighing two pounds. I live on a farm. My elder brother is fourteen years old and I am twelve, I have a brother and sister, twins, aged six years.

My brother and father are out on the back farm and I have to do all the chores and go to school. I am in the third reader. I was hazle-nutting to-day and got two pails. I will not make my letter too long this time so I can write again.

HOWARD G. PAGE.

[No answer enclosed with your riddle, Howard. Don't forget the answer next time. A pretty busy boy, aren't you?—Ed.]

R. Asea.

Dear Editor,—I am ten years old and I live on a farm of eight hundred acres. We have forty-four cattle, and I bring them home every night. I have one brother and no sisters. I and my brother go to school. I am in the third reader, and my brother is in the second reader. We have a pony, and we drive it to school.

ELYMER JAMES INGLIS.

H., Ont.

Dear Editor,—We have had a very severe rain and hail storm. The hail thrashed the leaves all off the trees, and killed the neighbor's chickens. The rain floated a hay rack away, and swept another man's hay away down the creek. I think this is all for this time.

TRAVISS HADLEY.

S., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am eight years old. We live on a farm of ninety-five acres. For pets I have two kittens and a nice collie dog. He brings up the cows for us, and likes to chase them, too. He is mischievous. He steals the kittens' dinners.

My mother was away for two months in Berlin. When she came back we were very glad to see her again. We have a nice water-melon and musk-melon bed, and I wish we could give the Editor some of them now; they are 'real good.'

MYRTLE GRACE SIDER.

[Truly sorry you can't have your wish, Myrtle, however, we must be content with what the city jean give us in the melon line. Your riddle has been asked before.—Ed.]

B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a girl of 13 years; in a month or so I will be 14. I go to school, and am in the Senior third reader, but to tell you the truth, I do not care very much for school either. We were threshing on Saturday, and corn-cutting also.

I see there are a great many boys and girls about my own age, and who write for the 'Messenger.' This is my first letter to it. I have four brothers, two older and two younger, so I come in about between them all. My oldest brother is a machinist, working in Woodstock. Have any 'girls,' I won't say boys, read the 'Wide, Wide World,' by Elizabeth Wetherell? It is a very interesting book. I think so anyway.

MARGUERITE BROWN.

[Your riddle has been asked before, Marguerite. Yes! The 'Wide, Wide World' is a general favorite.—Ed.]

H., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write another little letter to the 'Messenger.' I love to read the little stories in it. My brother Russell went to the North-West about two weeks ago. We have 17 little pigs. Mr. R. has some little girls, and they have lots of fun hunting my letters in the 'Messerger.' My mother is making catsup now, and I like it.

MINNIE MAY HADLEY.

W., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a girl eleven years old. I have two kittens, one named Cub and the other Dixie. They have lots of fun together, mostly at night. I live on the Georgian Bay, and often go out boating. I have two nephews, one named Cline and the other Allan.

IRENE BREECH.

D. R., Ont.

Dear Editor,—My father is a general store keeper. We have been doing over the Methodist Church, and we have not been having church or Sunday School in it, but had Sunday school in the school house. For pets I have a black curly dog named Jack, and a sandy cat. He catches rats and mice at night, and sleeps through the day. GLADYS BOUCK.

[You forgot to enclose the answer to your riddle, Gladys, so we could not put it in.—Ed]

K., B.C.

Dear Editor,—I like reading the letters on the Correspondence Page. I like reading the conundrums best. I am twelve years old, and am in the fourth class. I have a nice teacher. We came to K. about five months ago, and I like it better than where I came from. I have not seen any letters from here before. I have a cat named Captain Michael. I will close, wishing the Correspondence Page every success.

GLADYS BIRD.

[Thanks for your good opinion, Gladys. Sorry your riddles have been asked before.—Ed.]

W., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl ten years old. I go to school every day, and like it very much. The village I live in is on the Georgian Bay. I go out boating, and have lots of fun. Irene Breech is my playmate. I have a little kitten for a pet, and my nephew likes my pet, too. MURIEL SWARTMAN.

Pt. E., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am eight years old. I go to school every day, and like it. We had our Fall Fair the day before yesterday, and I had a fine time. When they were horse racing a man got ran over and killed. I guess I will close with some riddles. 1. When is a ship in love? 2. Why is a policeman like a balloon?

STELLA S.

B. M., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a girl twelve years old, and in Grade IX at school. I have never seen any letters from this place. I go to the Presbyterian Church. I have two sisters and five brothers. My two sisters are at home, and one brother. Some of the drawings in the 'Messenger' are very good.

E. A. M. MACKAY.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'My Favorite Spot.' Gordon Campbell (aged 8), R., Ont.
2. 'In the Sugar Bush.' Nina Graham (aged 10), B., Ont.
3. 'A Scene.' Willie B. (aged 11), B., Ont.
4. 'John Gilpin's Ride.' Emma Graham (aged 12), B., Ont.
5. 'Runaway Horse.' F. Pritchard, D., Ont.

OTHER LETTERS.

Ruby McLeod, S.B., Ont., has six brothers and four sisters. You did not enclose answers to your riddles, Ruby.

Olivia Massey, S. B., Ont., also sends a riddle, but it has been asked before. Olivia is not quite as rich as Ruby in brothers and sisters as she has only five brothers and two sisters, still she is very well off.

Heber C. Powell, B., Ont., is a newcomer to our circle, as is Olivia, and, like her, he writes a very short letter. Glad to hear from you, Heber.

Gracie MacLeod, S. B., Ont., writes: 'I live on a large farm with a railroad at each side of us.' Noisy friends trains are, aren't they, Gracie?

Daisy E. A. Fiddis, M., Ont., sends an alphabet of Bible texts that will go in some time later. They are interesting to hunt in, are they not, Daisy?

Mary Ellen Daw, M. G., N.S., and Lizzie Littlewood, L., N.S., are two little girls nine years old, who have a good word for our circle. Both have a cat and kittens to pet.

Little letters were also received from Rica McLean, Toronto, and Agnes Voltum, S., Alta.

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How the Comforter Came.

(Continued from Page 7.)

'My baby is very ill. He has always been so bright and strong that I am sure this cannot be anything really serious. Besides, he is all that I have, and God will not take him from me.'

'The doctor looks grave, and mother turns away her eyes every time they meet mine. I will not ask them what they think. I dare not.'

'Baby is unconscious. Mother tried to tell me this morning that the doctor has no hope. Where is God? Doesn't He care? Isn't He very hard toward me to take my one dear little child? O God, please don't take my baby! Don't don't!'

'I have lain all night in an agony of darkness and pain. It seems to me as if there is a hand with great iron fingers clutching at my heart—a savage, cruel hand. I crept in to see little Leonard, and he was delirious, and tried to "pat-a-cake, baker's man," and to say, "Mam-mam-mam." Oh, if I might go with him! Aunt Ellen sat there with mother. She has lost three babies, and she understands. "Katherine," she said, "God is Love." It sounded to me like rain on the roof, so far from my heart.'

'"God is Love." It isn't Aunt Ellen's voice now. I have heard it over and over all this terrible day. I read once somewhere that the will of God is the most beautiful thing in the universe. I don't want to rebel against Love. I will try to say, "Thy will be done."'

'I've said it and said it, and the agony is just as awful. I think Jesus Christ must be sorry for me. I'll get my New Testament and read how He wept when Lazarus died. . . . Somehow it reads to me as if He did not weep so much for their grief (why should He when He knew that they would soon have their brother again?) as for the lack of faith there. Lord, help my unbelief!'

'Job's word comes to me with new meaning: "The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord." The Spirit says to me, "Isn't God just as good to you in the taking as He was in the giving?" I must believe that He is. "When your baby came to you," goes on the inner voice, "you blessed God. Why not do the same now? Can you not say, 'Blessed be the name of the Lord?'" I am almost shocked at the suggestion. Must I praise God for taking my boy?'

'Again the still small voice: "Is God dealing with you in love?" "Yes." "Is His will altogether best both for you and your baby?" "Yes," my mind assents, but not my aching heart. 'Can you not praise Him then? Is not the love of God infinitely stronger than even mother-love?"'

'It seems to me that the Spirit has set before me an almost impossible task. I am not willing to mourn. I cling to the spirit of heaviness. Again that gentle pleading, "Daughter, will you say, 'Blessed be the name of the Lord?'" Lord, there is no strength in me; but I am willing to feel just as Thou wouldst have me. I know that Thou art Love. Yes, I will say it even though my heart is torn asunder: "Blessed be the name of the Lord!"'

'A beam of light has crept into the darkness, a strain of heavenly music, a breath of ineffable peace. The light increases, the music comes nearer and grows sweeter, the peace flows in like a river. I begin to understand. The Comforter is a Person just as really as Jesus Christ is a Person. He was standing just outside a barred door—the door of praise. Thank God, I have unfastened that door, and He whom the Father sent in the name of Jesus has come in! Oh, I can say it now! Blessed, thrice blessed, be the name of the Lord!'

'I have been sitting for several hours with my dear child. He does not know me; but the agony is all gone from my soul. I can trust and not be afraid! Oh, how real is the Unseen! How beautiful the will of the Father'!

'What a marvellous work "to give the oil of joy for mourning!" I have looked up the passage in the word, and I have never noticed before why He does it, but it tells so plainly, "that He may be glorified." That matches so sweetly with another verse: "He that offereth praise glorifieth Me." The enemy tries to steal away my joy. He says that people will think strangely of me, and perhaps my very own will not understand; but I will not close the door that let in the Comforter.'

'The good Shepherd came for my lamb last night. He bindeth up the wounds of the broken-hearted. The Word says so, and I know it is true, for the Comforter reveals it to me. Faith spans the gulf between the now and then. He who is caring for my husband and baby is caring for me. We all live in His presence.'

I laid down the book, and we all sat silent a while on that Thanksgiving evening. Then father said, 'Let us pray.'

As we knelt together he began to praise God quietly for His promises, for His grace, for a Saviour who has brought life and immortality to light, for eternal life, for the Holy Spirit, for our very sorrows. And, word for word, mother and I prayed with him, though our lips were silent; and as our hearts united in praise the clouds that had hung so heavy above our heads parted, and the glory of the Lord shone in upon us, and we were comforted indeed. We, too, had unlocked the iron gate of sorrow with the key of praise, and lo, the Comforter came!—'Christian Advocate.'

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PHŒNIX, B. C.

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J. FORSTER.

Dropsy From Fever

Feet and Limbs Were Badly Swollen—Had Kidney and Heart Trouble.

ABALINE, ARK.—I was taken down with a Fever a year ago, which resulted in Dropsy and Kidney Troubles, and after a time I became afflicted with Tonsilitis and Heart Trouble. My feet and limbs were so swollen I thought they would burst; there seemed to be an ulcer in my Stomach, and I had no appetite whatever. I was treated by two of the best doctors in this country, but they did me no good. One of them said that I would have to go to Hot Springs and have an operation performed on my throat before I could be cured. I was in a horrible condition, and did not think I could live to see another winter. I sent for a package of Vitæ-Ore, but had small hopes of it helping me, for I thought I was beyond the reach of medicine. I began taking Vitæ-Ore and after three weeks' use the swelling was disappearing and my throat was well; my heart was beating normally and the color had returned to my face; the fever had left me and I had regained my appetite. After taking two packages of Vitæ-Ore I was in better health than I had been for ten years; I felt like a different woman entirely. I cannot praise V.-O. enough, and even though I were to write for a week I could not tell all it did for me. It has saved my life, and I tell all my friends, as well as the doctors, who are surprised at my improvement, that Vitæ-Ore has cured me. I also advise those who are ailing and wish to get well to take it as I did. I have since used it for Piles and three applications effected a cure. I have used it in my family for Colds, Fever, Cramp and Ulcers, and I find it good for all; in fact, we cannot do without it.

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We get letters from people in all parts of the United States and Canada, testifying to the efficacy of Vitæ-Ore in relieving and curing such diseases as Rheumatism, Kidney, Bladder and Liver Diseases, Dropsy, Stomach Disorders, Female Ailments, Functional Heart Trouble, Catarrh of any part, Nervous Prostration, Anæmia, Sores and Ulcers, and worn out, debilitated conditions. Why shouldn't it cure you?

IT IS THE PERSONAL DUTY

of every sick and ailing person to use every possible means to be cured of their ailments. It is not fair to one's family nor to society to remain ill, in an unnatural condition, unfit for the fullest duties of life, if a cure can be obtained. Any sick and ailing person who fails to give Vitæ-Ore a trial on this offer fails to take advantage of one of the cheapest as well as the best remedies ever offered, the only one honestly offered on the "No Benefit, No Pay" Plan.

You Don't Pay For Promises, you pay only for the health it brings you. You pay for the work, not words, and if the work has not been done to your satisfaction you don't pay for it—No, not a penny! You are to be the judge, and you can easily judge. You know if you feel better, if you sleep better, if you are stronger, more active, if your limbs do not pain you, if your stomach does not trouble you, if your heart does not bother you. You know whether or not your organs are acting better, whether or not health is returning to your body. If not—DON'T PAY. But you must try it to know, must give it a chance, must get it and use it, so send for it immediately AT OUR RISK.

Don't Miss This Chance for a Cure

AS A BEACON LIGHT

Vitæ-Ore points the way for storm-tossed sufferers to a Haven of Health and Comfort. If you have been drifting in a sea of sickness and disease, towards the rocks and shoals of Chronic Invalidism, Port your Helm before it is too late to take heed to the message of Hope and Safety it flashes to you; stop drifting about in a helpless, undecided manner, first on one course and then another, but begin this valuable treatment immediately to reach the goal you are seeking by the route so many have traveled with success. Every person who has let it guide them home to health is willing to act as a pilot for you; each knows the way from having followed it; attend their advice and follow the light. Thousands in Canada have allowed it to guide them in the past, thousands are depending upon it to-day. Send for a trial package without delay.

Address, THEO. NOEL Co., Limited, N.M. DEPT YONGE ST. **TORONTO, ONT.**